1486b16

MARRIAGE;

A

SATIRE.

BRITISH MUSEUM
14 AUG 57

MARRIAGE;

A

SATIRE:

WITH

TWO SATIRES

ON

LOVE and OLD AGE.

LONDON:

Printed for J. ROBERTS, near the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-Lane*. M.DCC.XXVIII.

(Price One Shilling)

MARRIAGE;
A
SATIRE.

WHAT, *Dames*, who ſo well the World has known,
So long enjoy'd the Pleaſures of the Town,
Will he conſent to be a Slave for Life,
To take, that Burden of our Days, a Wife?

Surely

Surely ſome Phrenzy does your Brain invade;
Go ſend for *Hale*, and let your Bed be made:
T'exclude the Light your folded Windows cloſe.

" Too ſharp a Cenſure, Friend, offenſive grows:
" You raſhly judge; no Woman chaſte allow,
" And know but one who kept her marriage
" Vow;
" But for my Sake pray own another now.
" She's no ſuch Wife as you and I have known,
" Except her Husband, kind to all the Town.
" No Food for Satire I intend to wed,
" Nor take a modiſh Lady to my Bed,
" But one who, in her earlyeſt Years of Life,
" Of her chaſte Mother learn'd the Dutys of a Wife;

" Bred

" Bred in the Country, far from Town and Court,
" Where no Coquets, no looſe-taught Dames, reſort,
" Youth to corrupt, ſweet Innocence to ſpoil.

YET grant me, Sir, your Patience for a While,
Nor my well-meaning Freedom now prevent,
The Right of many Years together ſpent.
I'll ſhew the hidden Rocks you ought to ſhun,
And ſtop you in the Road to be undone.
Your Wife, you ſay, far diſtant from this Place,
Honeſtly bred, and of a worthy Race,
Humble and mild, with little Charge content,
Her Virtue makes her greateſt Ornament.
Grant then no babling Maid can Storys tell,
Or youthful *Pan* her early Loves reveal.

Allow her hitherto with Patience fill'd,
Modeſt in Dreſs, in Vanitys unskill'd;
Her Marriage ſoon ſhe hopes will ſet her free,
For Marriage is their Way to Liberty.
'Tis ſay'd her ample Dowr will ſoon be pay'd,
Your Inſtruments of Bondage ready made;
Next Week your once lov'd Freedom you muſt quit,
And to the tedious Yoke your Neck ſubmit:
Go then thoſe frail, thoſe ſhort-liv'd, Pleaſures taſte,
Which ſcarcely will the bridal Mirth out-laſt.
A lovely Ignorance you take to Wife;
And will ſhe be an Ideot all her Life?
Refuſe thoſe Joys her Fellows all purſue?
And ſeek to pleaſe, and live, alone for you?
Shut up her Beautys from the common Praiſe,
Retir'd, and hid, as in *Lucretia*'s Days?

When ſtrict Reſerve, and ſhame-fac'd Modeſty,
Were thought the ſureſt Guards of Chaſtity;
And Sires, to keep their Daughters' Innocence,
Made Ignorance of Ill its great Defence;
Each infant Beauty then but rarely ſhown,
Unſeen, unſought, till to Perfection grown;
Then hear'd of firſt, and by ſome Worthy choſe,
Became the Honour of his noble Houſe.
Now Miſs e're ten throws off the ſlacken'd Rein,
And hears her ſtripling Lover tell his Pain;
Common ſhe viſits ev'ry publick Place,
And gives an early Surfeit of her Face.
Is this an Age, my Friend, to take a Wife?
To wear domeſtick Fetters during Life?
When e'en in Youth no Modeſty is found?
When Town and Country both in Vice abound?

For not to Courts alone Love's Powr's confin'd,
In Woods and Fields he rules the ſavage Kind:
But you, the nuptial Ceremonys done,
Your Innocent muſt quickly bring to Town,
To ſee the World, and in the prudent Care
Of ſome ſhe Friend all lawful Pleaſures ſhare:
And is your Courage ſuch as to deſpiſe
The many Dangers ſtill before your Eyes?
When at the Court, the Play, the Maſquerade,
Each well dreſs'd Fop your *Agnes* ſhall invade?
When to each Scene of Levity ſhe goes,
To *K*—'s and * the ſoft Retreats of Beaus,
What ſhall her boaſted Chaſtity defend?
Or your ſad Doom of Cuckoldom ſuſpend?

" THE Maſquerade! Pray, Sir, your Jeſt forbear;
" And know no Wife of mine ſhall enter there,
" Till, lewd as modeſt *'s adult'rous Wife,
" She haunts the Stews a common Whore for Life.

WHAT, will you then your tender Wife refuſe
Thoſe harmleſs Pleaſures other Women uſe?
Within thoſe ſober Doors what can ſhe fear,
Safe in the Hands of virtuous *H*———*r*?
Dreſs'd with her Friend at Twelve behold her come;
Gayly ſhe enters the enchanted Room,
All girliſh Fear throws off, and, with Delight,
Prepares to taſt the Pleaſures of the Night,
Taught by her Friend all Scandal to defy,
Who crys, *but moſt beware of Modeſty*,

That Enemy to Joy. Before her Eyes
Gaudy and rich a new Creation lys;
Here Nymphs and Shepherds nimbly dance around,
And Woodgods trip to Hautboys' ſprightly Sound:
There Heros and their Dames apart retire,
To fan with ſoft Diſcourſe the kindling Fire:
Here tempting Food provokes the Appetite,
And ſparkling Wines to warmer Joys invite.
'Tis three, and now the Noon of Night is gone,
Succeeding Pleaſures draw each other on;
Convenient Darkneſs comes, the Tapers now
Blazing expire, or in their Sockets glow.
Now Love the Signal gives, the Youth prepare
To try their Vigour in his pleaſing War.

" I vow'd my Wife this Brothel ſhould avoid,
" And mourn your wiſe Diſcourſe ſo ill employ'd.

THEN, if you dare refuſe, each Fair with Scorn
Will wiſh to point at your exalted Horn;
A Brute, who under Lock his Wife would lay,
And Woman's Liberty dares take away!
Be wiſe, my Friend, the female Outcry ſhun,
Nor, tho a Cuckold, think your ſelf undone:
In all Degrees the honour'd Horn appears;
And will you hate what Half the People wears?
Or think you *H——r*'s the Place alone
Where cloſe Deſigns of Love are carry'd on?
Muſt not your blooming Wife at Court appear?
And ſparkle foremoſt at the Theatre?

Where

Where tinſel Heros ev'ry Night proclaim
Lewdneſs is Merit, Virtue but a Name;
Where modeſt *O——d* ſhall her Mind improve,
And ſhew her how *the World's well loſt for Love*,
Fit her for Paſſion you could ne'er inſpire,
In tempting Colours paint the lawleſs Fire,
Of faſhionable Lewdneſs teach the Art,
And with new uſeful Maxims fill her Heart,
Which ſhe, a Scholar apt, may ſoon beſtow,
By way of Practice, on ſome tender Beau.

COQUET at firſt, and ſwearing to be chaſte,
Perſuaded long, ſhe'll leap the Bounds at laſt;
For Women, in the Way to be undone,
Nearer the Precipice ſtill faſter run;

But

But ſhould thoſe Maxims, yet not quite forgot,
Which once her Nurſe, or careful Mother, taught,
Should Pride, or ſtiff Religion, yet prevail,
And all her Lover's various Science fail,
Her Mind debauch'd, conceited, nice, and vain,
She'll ſee with Scorn your honeſt Doors again,
And, meditating on ſome ſmoother Face,
Reject your lawful Love, and husbandly Embrace:
Then ſtrive with Gold the ſullen Girl to pleaſe,
Gold beſt employ'd to give its Maſter Eaſe!
Give Brilliants, than her ſparkling Eyes more bright;
And maſſive Silver place before her Sight;
With Damask, and rich Velvets, dreſs each Room;
To pleaſe her Taſte a Cook from *France* muſt come;
On her rich Coach let Gold on Carving riſe,
And feather'd Footmen draw the People's Eyes;

Too

Too late your Folly then you ſhall repent,
When *Ward* or *Horſeman* ſhall, for Mony lent,
Convey thoſe Lands which *Rollo*'s warlike Son
Gave heretofore for noble Service done.

You ſay, perhaps, to Wit your Wife's enclin'd,
Hates Show, and only ſeeks the Riches of the Mind:
Soon *Deſaguillier* grows her deareſt Friend,
Of him ſhe learns what Courſe the Stars intend,
Studious for Knowledge, to enrich her Head,
A Lecture in your Dining-room is read;
A ſov'reign Judge ſhe finds each Author's Flaw,
In Phyſic learn'd, Divinity, and Law,
Reads *Pope*'s heroic Labours once a Year;
And ſwears the *German* more than *Clarke* is clear;

Voltaire and *Blackmore* in the Ballance lay'd,
Leaves good *Prince Arthur* for the *Henriade*.
In deep Enquirys thus ſhe ſpends her Life,
And ſcorns the humble Dutys of a Wife;
Hates Cleanlyneſs, and a well order'd Houſe,
Her Children ſlights, and her illit'rate Spouſe;
Yet, was ſhe mine, Heav'n's Goodneſs would I praiſe,
While in her Library ſhe ſpends her Days;
With *B——d*, and *B——ſe*, that, from Clamour free,
She leaves in Peace my harmleſs Houſe and me;
Not vex'd with Noiſe as he whoſe lordly Wife
In Quarrel and Contention ſpends her Life;
Who fond of Rule her Will can never yield,
But ſtill, tho foil'd, in Battle keeps the Field,

And War maintains; her Labours never end;
In this good Cauſe, ſays ſhe, *my Life I'll ſpend.*
What, not my Husband govern! Time ſhall ſhew;
Tho preſent Torments fail, I will purſue
Till Death my dear and reaſonable Will.
And thus, her ſov'reign Pleaſure to fulfill,
Servants and harmleſs Children feel her Rage;
Nor Ought her reſtleſs Anger can aſſuage,
Till the good Man, to gain one quiet Hour,
Yields to her female Sway his rightful Powr:
So ends the long Diſpute; but who can tell?
Perhaps the Conquerer may govern well;
And thus, her Empire ſettled during Life,
Love you and yours, and prove a careful Wife;
Then of the good Uſurper ne'er complain,
Nor loſt Dominion labour to regain:

But

But when with Stomach proud you mourn your State,
Compare your own with *'s and **'s Fate,
Who, by unhappy Stars to Ruin led,
Took each a gaming Fury to his Bed:
Soon the Day's hated Light will diſappear;
Let Jervaſs *ſtrait the Dice and Cards prepare,*
Mad *Clodia* crys, *and in good Order ſet*
Tables for Hazard, *and for dear* Baſſet.
Naſh deals to-night, and quickly now behold
The ample Round adorn'd with Heaps of Gold.
Now all take Place, and in the Elbow-chair
Good *Naſh* ſits down with a deciding Air,
With dext'rous Thumb the magic Cyphers deals,
And to th'attentive Circle Fate reveals.

What not one Card! unhappy *Clodia* crys,
One Paroly! *nay then 'tis Time to riſe:*
Five Fiftys Debtor to the Bank become!
Perhaps the kinder Dice may bring Me Home.
Th'immodeſt Box ſhe ſeizes, and on Score
To puſhing Gameſters looſes ſo much more.

"FIVE hundred in one Night!
No Matter, Sir,
Your wiſeſt Way's to pay, not queſtion her,
Leſt, by ſtrict Honour taught, if you delay,
This needful Debt ſhe with her Perſon pay;
And, for refuſing this ſo juſt Demand,
The Sharper get an Heir to all your Land.

THUS,

THUS *Clodia* ſleepleſs Nights at Play can ſpend,
And ev'ry gaming Rake is *Clodia*'s Friend:
But needleſs, Sir, I thought theſe Strokes to you,
Who *Roman Juvenal*, and *French Boileau*,
Your early Study made. "Well, Sir, go on;
"Compare the *French* and *Roman* with our own:
"From witty *Boccace* take your Common-place,
"And cite all *Aretine* in their Diſgrace;
"What is't to Me? Who told you, at the firſt,
"The Maid I wed in Virtue's School is nurs'd;
"Looſe nor expenſive, full of Noiſe nor Strife,
"No female Pedant, nor a Gameſter Wife:

"What

" What other monſtrous Talents muſt I fear?
" Or have you done?

DONE, *Dames!* a whole Year
Would ſcarce ſuffice; as eaſy 'twere to tell
How oft' Court Senators their Voices ſell,
The Town with Lys of State great *W*——— fills,
Or Patients, in the Year, *Mead* cures or kills.

" BUT who comes next?
O! 'tis a ſprightly Dame,
Whoſe Wit and Cheeks enliv'ning Draughts inflame;
In ſecret, with a Set of choſen Friends,
O'er chearing Cups her mid-night Hours ſhe ſpends,
And, when *Aurora* lights the morning Air,
Commits her Perſon to her Footmen's Care,

Or luſty Chairmen, by whoſe Brawn convey'd,
Perfum'd with Wine, and Snuff, ſhe reels to Bed:
But what Aſſurance, Madam, will you plight
That you have known no Joys but Wine to-night?
Our Company were Women all. *'Tis true;*
But when from thoſe She-drunkards you withdrew,
What Eunuchs hither brought your Chaſtity,
And loſt the eaſy Opportunity?

"WELL, Sir, for this the Sex's Thanks are due;
" And he who once *Rome*'s bolder Matrons drew
" Scarce in more Gall his ſharp'ned Pencil wet.

HEAR then what Monſters are unpainted yet.
Yon fierce Bigotte, ſwell'd with her godly Pride,
Thinks all her Sins and Follys juſtify'd.

How

How can ſhe err, how go from the right Way?
God ſees her in her Pew twice ev'ry Day;
Beſides the Doctor does with Prudence keep
Her Conſcience ſtill, and lays her Doubts aſleep.
They ſay your Honour is of Words too full;
But who without can Maids and Children rule;
That you your Husband's Ears with Clamour fill,
What muſt you always ſuffer, and ſit ſtill;
Your Cloaths too rich, your Equipage the ſame;
What ſuits your Birth and Fortune who can blame?
Thus Contradictions taught to reconcile,
She prays, and Scandal meditates the while;
In all beſides herſelf can Faults eſpy,
Envy in her is Zeal, Pride Decency.
From ſuch a Spouſe kind Heav'n, my honour'd Friend,
By ſuch a Doctor led, your Days defend.

NOR let your Riches tempt you to eſpouſe
Some high bred Maiden of Patrician Houſe;
For tho your Anceſtors in *Poictiers'* Fields,
Or *Agincourt*, enrich'd their valiant Shields,
Yourſelf untitled ſhe with Scorn will view,
And honour more her Marmozet than you;
For he poor Fool, tho in Captivity,
She hears at Home is of great Quality,
Nay often here Lords of his Make has ſeen,
And, had he ſome few Inches taller been,
A Place at Court his Figure well might grace:
An hero-angel Form, of common Race,
The Ideot ſcorns, and, in your ſofter Hours,
Will hate to mix her reſtiff Blood with yours.

" My Friend I will not ſuch a Danger run,
" Taught by *'s Fate th'unequal Yoke to ſhun;
" But by ill Chance was ſuch a Lady mine,
" Tho ſprung from *Howard's* or from *Piercie's* Line,
" With equal Scorn anſw'ring her vain Grimace,
" I'd cry, go Princeſs, leave this humble Place,
" And ſeek your Anceſtors on *Chevy-chace.*

WHAT, Sir, does this diſturb your gen'rous Mind?
A Toy compar'd to what remains behind.
Suppoſe your Wife, all vain Expence to ſhun,
And ever fearing to be quite undone,
In ſhameful Thrift her conſtant Mind employs,
Starves your poor Houſe, and needful Food denys;

Before

Before her barren Gates no Poor are ſeen,
Nor chearful Friend, nor wellcome Gueſt within;
Cold is her Kitchin, cold her Parlours are,
The Chimney-ſweeper never enters there;
Brittain herſelf once ſuch a Couple knew,
As *Rome*'s *Umidius*, and the *French Tardieu*:
Not long the Tale. *A Squire with Plenty bleſs'd,*
With frugal Hand each Day his Store encreas'd;
But Nought to Need or Decency deny'd,
Till to be all acturs'd he choſe a Bride;
A haggard Female, by her Mother's Care
No other Knowledge taught but how to ſpare;
Who, now the Miſtreſs of a hapleſs Houſe,
Thinks all is waſte, and Reformation vows,

Now Rules of Thrift to her kind Spouſe im-
parts,
And much improves him in her hideous Arts,
Who her ſuperior Genius much admires,
And bids her act all that her Soul inſpires,
Till by her Care, all common Help deny'd,
The Wretch with Need grew ſick, and hungry
dy'd.
Now unconfin'd, her wretched Husband gone,
She views her Bags, and counts them all alone;
Her uſeleſs Servants now, without delay,
On Quarrels feign'd half ſtarv'd ſhe turns
away:
She to her Avarice no Bounds preſerves,
Reigns in an empty Houſe, and reigning ſtarves:

Thus

Thus long ſhe liv'd, beneath the Courſe grew old,
And eat her Scraps on hoarded Bags of Gold,
Till Thieves broke in, and with a murd'rous Knife
Ended at once her Avarice and Life.

LET not the horrid Tale a Fiction ſeem,
For Womankind is ever in Extream,
They their own Woes from vain Appearance ſeek,
Strong is their Humour, and their Reaſon weak;
With them what Mortal can foreſee his Fate,
Who live untry'd, unknown, till 'tis too late?
Cheats from their Youth, the fair Outſide they ſhew,
But the bad female Nature hide from View,

Till

Till the *Pandora*, on ſome Wretch beſtow'd,
Locks up all Hope, and ſends her Plagues abroad.

" With ſuch Diſcourſe you eloquent would ſeem,
" My Friend, but to mad *H*———*y* quit the Theme;
" To him be the wild Argument reſign'd;
" 'Tis Madneſs to condemn all Womankind.
" With the new World the marriage State began,
" Heav'n's firſt Command to yet unſinful Man,
" Not giv'n him for a Curſe.

And yet how ſoon
The lovely Youth was by his Wife undone!

That

That Wife, to bleſs his Days by Heav'n deſign'd,
Fill'd his long Age with Tears, and damn'd all Human-kind;
Yet fearleſs you her Daughter dare purſue,
Juſt ſuch a hurtful Thing, a Woman too;
Then own, my Friend, her Treaſure makes you blind,
Gilds her Outſide, and hides her tainted Mind:
But O! how curs'd is he who takes a Bride
With mighty Dowr from her rich Mother's Side!
Let him who long in *Turkiſh* Realms a Slave
Could cruel Stripes, hard Pains, and Hunger, brave,
Ennur'd to Grief, let him the Venture run,
A Slave who can no more than be undone,
Yet even that his wretched Chance ſhall mourn,
And to good *Algiers* pray for a Return,

When

When his rich Empreſs, by her Mother taught,
Shall pay her Lovers with the Gold ſhe brought,
A Show, a Wonder, to the Croud appear,
And ſhameleſs wear a Lordſhip in each Ear;
All was her own; who can this Truth deny?
And will a Husband teach her Modeſty?
Or dare enquire how ſhe her Wealth employs,
While Place at Bed and Board ſhe ne'er denys?
Yet if at Board he bids a Friend ſit down,
With *Gorgon* Looks ſhe'll turn him into Stone.
No Joy at Home, no Comfort, ſhall he feel,
But ſeek the Tavern for a chearful Meal:
Thus near his Lips the flowing Nectar ſmiles,
But flys when he would taſte, and ever Hope beguiles.

BUT if, in Prudence to be more ſecure,
You take to Wife an humble Maid and poor,
To honour you her Worth ſhe muſt unfold,
And by her Charms make up her Want of Gold;
Affected ſoon all modiſh Vice ſhe wears,
Drinks like old *S——th*, and free as *M——* ſwears,
Fond of court Wit, a Bargain learns to ſell,
And doats on * and * for punning well,
Knows *Dummy*'s Signs, and in what equal Sort
He ſhares his Pleaſures with the female Court;
Perhaps, forgeting what ſhe owes to you,
A looſe Coquet, half mad, and ſhameleſs too,
Grouling ſhe ſits and dirty all the Day,
Sighing till Night her ſable Wings diſplay,

Then for her Lover's Abſence long in Pain,
Haſtes to the *Haymarket* or *Drurylane*,
The Coll'nel meets, and when the Farce is done,
At *Brawn*'s or *Magneau*'s ſpends her Time till one,
Where, not ungrateful to her honour'd Spouſe,
She from Extinction ſaves his antient Houſe.

Such Plagues as theſe attend the marriage State,
Which ſad Experience teaches, but too late,
Beſides a num'rous Liſt of ſmaller Ills,
Which fretful *Hymen*'s tedious Minutes fills,
Wearing the Fleſh, and eating to the Bone,
Like Drops of Water falling on a Stone.

WHAT Day, what Night, from her Complaints are free,
Or jealous ſtill, or feigning Jealouſy!
For oft' they feign when ſomething's to be done,
Some old Friend left, ſome faithful Servant gone,
Or ſome new Love enjoy'd without a Fear:
The Man deluded drinks each falling Tear,
And bleſſes Heav'n who gave ſo fond a Wife,
Tho oft', 'tis true, the Burden of his Life.

IN Taſte, in Humour, ſtill they diſagree;
She hates the Sun, the midnight Tapers he;
Him ſportive Downs, wide Fields, and Meadows pleaſe;
To her ſweet country Air is a Diſeaſe.

Thus in Diſpute they live, and endleſs jar;
A Straw's ſmall Tube 'twixt them proclaims a War.
But ſhould the Dame with fierce Hyſtericks ſtrive,
Or conjugal Vexation Vapours give,
With dayly Fee three College Doctors chuſe,
And faithful *Graham*'s chearing Compounds uſe:
A ſmall Expence to ſave a Life ſo dear,
In Fees and Drugs three hundred Pounds a Year!
But worſt of all, if you her Will oppoſe,
The Creature ſuffers agonizing Throws;
Then reſt her Soul; and if enough be ſay'd
You from this headſtrong Phrenſy to diſſuade,

'Tis well; if not, remember when 'tis o'er,
Nought can your once loſt Liberty reſtore;
No Hopes remain to cure the heavy Curſe,
But ſpeedy Cuckoldom, and a Divorce.

The END.

Error of the Preſs.

Verſe 315 *for* now *read* new.

'Tis well; if not, remember when 'tis o'er,
Nought can your once lost Liberty restore;
No Hopes remain to cure the heavy Curse,
But Bloody Cuckoldom, and a Divorce.

THE END.

Error of the Press.
Page 31, for now read new.

TWO SATIRES

ON

LOVE and OLD AGE.

TWO SATIRES

OR

LOVE and OLD AGE.

ON LOVE and OLD AGE.

SATIRE I.

NO more, Meliſſa, *'tis too much to ſee,*
What, not a Bluſh, and this Re-proof from me?
O! where is all our antient Virtue fled!
What, at it ſtill? Not mind a Word I've ſay'd!
Theſe wanton Airs ſhall not uncenſur'd paſs:
Bear hence the Idol, or I'll break the Glaſs.

THUS rav'd *Canidia*, as the lovely Fair
Made the Poſition of a Patch her Care.
No ſooner had the Nymph juſt ſtep'd aſide,
But from the Box, her Magazine of Pride,
A thouſand Implements the Table ſpread;
Teeth, Eyes, the Perfume, and the liquid Red.
With paralytic Hands ſhe pulls the Caul
From Head as naked as the Billiard-ball;
But ſee the Metamorphoſe of an Hour;
Her Forehead riſes in a nutbrown Towr;
Her Cheeks are fluſh'd with a vermilion Dy;
And her Teeth ſhine of poliſh'd Ivory.
To whom, or what, is this Devotion pay'd?
All to the Luſt of Youth, and Maſquerade.
Behold *Canidia* with *Meliſſa* ſtrive,
Soft tripping in the Bloom of Sixty-five;

Some unexperienc'd Fool her Eyes explore,
Juſt come to practice what he'd hear'd before;
Raw to the Town, and weary of his Wife,
He ſeeks the Pleaſures of rakiſh Life;
Him, by a forc'd Coquettry, ſhe decoys,
To be the Partner of her private Joys;
And the next Day the virtuous Maid reproves,
Reading *Lavinia* fair and *Acon*'s Loves.

PLEAS'D *Gallus* ſmil'd hearing the Story told,
Gallus himſelf both impotent and old:
The Pride of Courts he ſhun'd in former Days,
Knew well to give, and knew to merit, Praiſe,
The Depths of Senates and Intrigues could ſcan;
And him the Women call'd a Woman's Man:

But why will *Gallus* against Nature strive
To keep the Flame, without the Powr, alive?
Have you not seen upon a burning Plain
Some glowing Embers of a Fire remain,
Which, without Matter, must inactive be?
Believe me, *Gallus*, 'tis the same with Thee:
Think therefore when you jeer the wanton Dame,
As feeble is thy Powr, alike thy Flame.

SATIRE II.

WHEN youthful Paſſion firſt aſſumes the Rein,
And grows predominant in ev'ry Vein,
Our dayly Fancys, and our nightly Dreams,
Are full of ſhady Groves and purling Streams;
Various Ideas all our Thoughts employ;
And firſt we revel in romantic Joy.
Nature grows fiercer as the Blood boils high,
Then on to more ſubſtantial Bliſs we fly;

From

From Fair to Fair in Search of Prey we range,
Conſtant to Nothing but the Luſt of Change:
Thus on we rove while our Deſires are ſtrong,
Till ſad Experience tells us we are wrong.
How weak the Efforts of our Reaſon prove,
When all the Soul is but a Flame of Love!
But what Allurements can the Soul betray
When the Blood only ſerves to warm the Clay?
Why will, in vain, the hoary Matron ſtrive
To vy in Dreſs with Belles of Twenty-five?
When ſev'nty Years have furrow'd o'er her Face,
With all the Symptoms of a finiſh'd Race,
In vain with White you would confound the Grey;
Death will not be deceiv'd, nor give a Day.

Why all theſe Pains the wrinkled Brow to hide?
We thro the Mask can ſee the needleſs Pride.
No more frequent the Mall, the Box, the Ball,
Thou art *memento mori* to them all.

The END.

AUG